Your humble Servant Madam.

BEING

The flattering Courtier.

OR,

The Cheating Lover;

To a very fine Northern Tune.

I Am a Blade.
That from an old Trade,
Have taken out a new one:
My onely this,
To Court and Kiss,
Swear Oaths and make a true one.
I can tell an hundred lyes,
And a thousand more devises.
Never was the like since Adam,
I can Flatter whom I please,
With a Flattering diseath,
And your humble Servant Madame.

The Wars are done;
And I must run
A Course that may Preferre me,
Should I rely,
On Honesty,
It were the way to Curbe me:
I ha' gib'n away my Bull,
For a Perriwigg and Skull.
And an Art no Wit can Fadom;
I have got a Place at Court,
Never paid a Penny for't,
But your humble Servant Madame.

Whilst a Cavelier
Both lean and bare;
And almost like to Starve is,
A Ladies Letter,
Shall do better
Then all his Iron Service.
When I found out what trouble he'd
Straight I put a Lady to't,
What things I lackt I had um,
Nothing did I give for this,
But a promise and a Kiss.
With your humble Servant Madam.

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My Courtiers Place,
Doth give me grace.
And Pimp unto my Trade is;
The Devill and I,
In Ambush lye
To Catch all kind of Ladies;
I can call 'um pritty Souls,
Though they be as old as Pouls,
Then I a bonny Lad am;
Owre the Women I Trappan,
Catch 'um off and bring 'um on,
With your humble Servant Madam.

Some give me Rings,
And better Things,
So cunning is my Carriage;
To merry soul.
Both fair and foul
I promise lawfull Marriage.
I have got so many Wives,
If I had as many Lives,
I should be as old as Adam.
But before we go to Church,
All leave them in the lurch.
With your humble Servant Madam.

When I find a Face
Of a Stately Grace,
That would have all adore her,
A Knight-hood I
Get presently;
And that I spread before her:
So I may get something by't;
I can quickly be a Knight;
If a little will perswade 'um;
I can tell um that they shall,
Answer to no other call
But your humble Servant Madam.

If I be one that
Is given to chatt,
I praise her Ingenuity:
When I take a Prize
With two black Eyes,
I call her Queen of Beauty:
If another marry by,
I can laugh as well as she,
When the Fobs I monstrous fob am
But if I find her in a hast,
I can fit her for the fast,
With your humble Servant Madam.

All Passions I,
Can counterfeit,
Hypocrisie my Trade is;
I have of late,
Eas'd an Estate
By humouring of Ladies;
And I hope well be free,
That I fit them in their kind;
For Eve tempted Adam;
Women first do confess
But I confess them again,
With your humble Servant Madam.

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